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AN
(Burnham, H.M.)
Memorial

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Mr C. N. Nichols

with the sincere sympathy

& from fellow sufferer

& affection

P. O. Burnham

25

ne 1864

AN

(Burnham)

H. Minot

Burnham

Yours Aff. Son
Howard

MEMORIAL

OF

Lieutenant Howard M. Burnham,

UNITED STATES ARMY,

WHO FELL IN THE

BATTLE OF CHICAMAUGA, TENN.,

September 19th, 1863.

PRINTED FOR THE FAMILY.

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TO THE

SURVIVING HOME-CIRCLE

OF

AN ONLY SON AND BROTHER,

WHO HEROICALLY SACRIFICED HIS YOUNG LIFE

IN THE

RIGHTEOUS WORK OF CRUSHING A WICKED REBELLION,

THE

FOLLOWING MEMORIAL OF HIM

IS

Affectionately Inscribed

BY

THEIR FRIEND AND NEIGHBOR,

THE COMPILER.

Longmeadow, February 19, 1864.

MEMORIAL.

The large proportion of youth, that have fought and fallen in this war, will ever lend to its history a tender interest. And yet these youthful heroes, as a general rule, were not like the Spartan, born and bred for warriors. No mother had her infant, at birth, laid naked in a shield, with the words, "either with this or upon this," as its motto for life; and no father afterwards led his boy to the altar, and made him there swear eternal hatred to his hereditary foe.

This gigantic conflict found our population versed, mainly, in the arts of peace. Almost every boy, indeed, might know something of the famous generals, and battles of the world, and have his young soul stirred with legends of the knight errant and crusader. He was expected to know something of those French, and Indian wars, that left their bloody chapters in our colo-

nial history; and caught, perhaps from the lips of his grandsire, the brave patriotic spirit of '76. And there seems implanted in the boyish heart an instinctive love of gunpowder and fire-works, of martial music and military parades, that finds vent most conspicuously on each Fourth of July.

So also we had our military academies, where a favored few were educated for the profession of arms—and various schools of a more peaceful character, where the military uniform, and drill were required, as promotive of discipline and recreation.

Old soldiers and officers of the previous wars in Florida and Mexico had, almost all, tired of "the pomp and circumstance," that so impresses the rising generation, and even our old-fashioned musters, and training days were fast going, with their faded regimentals, into entire disuse. Through our rural districts peace flowed as a river, and the day seemed at hand when "they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks."

Yet the eager enthusiasm of mere boys to enlist, was a marked feature in the grand uprising of the nation; and not a few striplings, invested suddenly with the full panoply of war, reminded one of David in the armor of Saul. Many felt

old enough to fight, who must needs wait several years to vote; and not a few, who had never gone from the paternal roof to encounter the stern realites of life, were for the first and last time to brave them, out on the battle-field. It was touching to hear such mingling their cheers the heartiest in the final leave-taking of a regiment—and to see the joyous look on those fair, young faces, that were ere long to be browned, and worn by weary marching, and blood-stained in the angry strife.

The breaking out of the rebellion not only unsettled the foundations of our government, but sadly deranged many parental plans and arrangements for their offspring. Yet it also brought order out of confusion, in many marked instances. It was welcomed by many youthful spirits as the turning point of their destinies. Plans for life, that had been vague and visionary, all at once took form and substance. Hopes and aspirations, that were in the bud, suddenly unfolded into the flower of manhood. In a word, the crisis had come not only for the nation, but especially for each young life in it; and nothing was waited for but the consent of father and mother to enlistment. Here we are venturing on holy ground. Nor does it become the writer to discuss freely a subject that has never been brought home to

his heart, as a parent called to give up a son to country. He can only bespeak God's blessing, anew, on those who, in their ready response to His call, have emulated the example of Abraham on the mount of sacrifice, and who in their self-denying heroism, have vied with the fathers and mothers of the war for Independence. And if we measure patriotism by the pang it costs to part with only sons and brothers, even in a holy cause, then surely do these trying times now passing, mark in the world's history its most patriotic era.

It is not fitting for those, from whose homes and hearts no son or brother has yet been taken, to be laid low by rebel bullet or bayonet, on the bloody field, to draw aside the veil of domestic grief, and expose it to searching analysis. There is a sacredness about such mourning for the brave, that carries our thoughts back to the pages of inspiration, and finds its warrant there. And to whom is the tribute of tears more justly due than to the young, heroic dead?

Yet it is also a sacred office of friendship and labor of love towards the bereaved, to seek, in various ways, to restore "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." And it seems

especially due to the memory of those, who have given the dew of their youth and fresh life-blood to the work of crushing this wicked rebellion, that they should be allowed, being dead, yet to speak, and that their works should follow them.

The youthful warrior of ancient Greece was careful to preserve the laurel-wreath he had won by deeds of valor, and lay it as a votive offering by the old familiar shrine. Some will return from this war, bringing with them votive offerings for the altar of patriotism. But many more alas, will never thus return—and must depend on some "hand of affection" to perform, in their behalf, the pious act. Among these is the subject of this sketch—a kindred spirit, in many respects, with the lamented Adjutants Stearns, and Bacon, and Sergeant Thompson, whose interesting memoirs, prepared with fatherly appreciativeness, have already yielded precious fruit for the good cause that inspired them.

The present memorial is as modest in its pretensions, as was the character of him commemorated. And those who have united in its preparation, were prompted mainly by a desire to put together in a form suitable for preservation, such facts and incidents in the life of young Burnham, and such expressions of sympathy called forth

spontaneously by his early death, as it will always be comforting to associate with his memory.

The monument over his dust may guard inviolate his name, and perpetuate through generations his heroic fate—and the photograph may tell friends and loved ones how the Lieutenant looked, and would speak in life, years after those eyes have closed, and lips been sealed forever. And there are various mementos of his boyhood and youth, at home and in the army, trifling perhaps in themselves, to which a value now attaches, that those only can estimate who have experienced a like bereavement. But still there would remain an "aching void," which it is our hope and prayer may be in part relieved by this unpretending memorial. In part, we say—time, and the all sufficient Comforter must do the rest.

Unlike the generality of brave young volunteers, to whom reference has previously been made, the subject of this sketch evinced in early boyhood a taste for military pursuits. We remember well his martial look and bearing, when he came home for vacation, in Cadet uniform, from the school of Mr. Everest at Hamden, Conn., and how he used to improve the opportunity, to give his village playmates their first lessons in military

tactics. But little did we dream, while looking upon that mimic parade, that the boy-captain, marching his file of holiday recruits up and down the common, to the beat of a toy-drum, was to die in a gigantic civil war, at the post of duty, as commanding officer of Battery "H" Fifth U. S. Artillery.

As we now look back, however, especially over the last year he spent at home, it is easy to discern how he was unconsciously fitting himself for the career, that was to distinguish his opening manhood. Full six feet high, and finely proportioned, he became a proficient in manly sports and feats of strength—was a great walker, and felt perfectly at home in the saddle. He had grown rapidly, but the ability to "endure hardness," seemed to grow with his growth, and strengthen with his strength. On the coldest winter-day he disdained to wear an extra garment, and at night slept invariably with his window open, upon a hard bed, though born a child of luxury.

Nor did he shrink from manual labor. A rustic arbor stands in the lawn of his late cottage home, to attest his handiwork, and to recall those quiet, noontide hours in summer that he used to while away, reading or chatting with some friend

in its safe seclusion; and numerous stumps, down on the hill-side, bring to mind the days in mid-winter, when, through many a forenoon, he would swing his ax effectively as the most practiced woodman.

We hardly need add that young Burnham had a longing to enter West Point; and much to his disappointment the application, made by his father, failed for want of a vacancy. After some deliberation, it was finally decided that he should return to Mr. Sanborn's school at Concord, who had for several months before, been his esteemed preceptor, and there be fitted to enter the Lawrence scientific school at Cambridge, in the spring of 1861, with a view to civil engineering. But with that memorable spring opened the struggle that was to offer the youthful patriot a career, bright as it was brief.

During his school-days, Howard had uniformly won the kind regard, and confidence of both teachers and fellow-pupils, in his native village and elsewhere. As evidence, we quote from the letter of sympathy, written by an attached schoolmate at Concord to the bereaved mother:

I grieve the loss of my friend for whom my affection was greater than I ever expressed to you, or perhaps to him. I wish you should know my share in your great loss.

All who knew Howard loved him, and will long remember his manly, and kind character — so simple and upright. He was one of those for whom it was impossible not to feel affection. His old schoolmates speak of him with the kindliest remembrance, and mourn his loss. Yet a death like his seems far better than the longest life. * *

And we cannot omit the following testimony, from a lady teacher, concerning his demeanor in the Sabbath school: "Howard was an especially good pupil — ready with his lessons, reverent in their recital, and always conscientious and respectful. More than that, I could almost always rely on him for reference, showing an acquaintance with the Bible which I did not look for in one of his age, especially a boy.

I knew, too, that it was his daily habit to seek a few moments, at least, for devotion at that time; and I believe this habit was one which continued through life."

During the winter previous to the breaking out of the rebellion he was frequently in company with one,* of nearly the same age, who was visit-

* The late Lieut. J. A. Boies, of Northampton, First Lieutenant in the Thirteenth U. S. Infantry, who fell in the assault on Vicksburg by Gen. Grant, while acting as Aid to Gen. Blair — but was conveyed to Chicago, where he lingered in great pain, but without a murmur, till June 27th — and was buried, with military honors, the following Thursday, beside his father, in the old graveyard at Northampton.

ing in the family of a near neighbor. We have often thought since, what a mercy it was that those winter-days and evenings were clouded by no foreshadowings of the battles, that were to quench suddenly in blood the hopes, and dreams of those two rare young lives! Yet Howard startled many present at their last Christmas gathering by his keen foresight of coming events—and he says "If there is a war, Boies, *we* will be there;" to which his friend returned a hearty assent. *They were there.*

It is not necessary for us to trace each successive step in his military career, as this is faithfully done in the biographical sketch contained in the accompanying funeral address. Suffice it here to say, that he was from the outset noted for his proficiency and thoroughness in the duties of a soldier. Nor will the writer ever forget the discipline given him by young Burnham as drill-master, who gave his services in this capacity, for several summer evenings, to his fellow-townsmen, native-born and foreign, in their parish hall, before leaving for the army. And we especially remember how good naturedly our young commander bore with the natural mistakes and blunders of us tyros in "the manual."

We often noted his quiet reverent demeanor

in the old sanctuary of his fathers', and especially on the last Sabbath we worshiped with him there—in his uniform as Lieutenant in the U. S. service. Nor were we surprised at his afterwards writing home, one Sunday afternoon, from his camp in Tennessee: "I have been feeling a little homesick while lying here in camp, and would like to be with you to-day. I have seen or heard of no chaplain since we left Murfreesboro."

His experience as recruiting officer for the regular service, though growing more and more irksome as the monotonous weeks rolled on, was peculiarly successful in its results to the army. He won repeated official commendation, and many expressions of esteem from fellow-officers in the business of recruiting.

To show how impatient he grew to be in camp and the field, we take the liberty of introducing the following extracts from familiar letters to an old playmate, and dear friend, with whom he corresponded as with a brother:

New York, Dec. 24, 1861.

I am very anxious to get into camp. Am heartily tired of this life, but I don't suppose I can help it.

New York, March 12, 1862.

I am, and have been feeling as angry as possible at the thought of being kept at the *glorious* work of recruit-

ing, while there is a prospect of a fight so near at hand. I would give three months' pay if my Battery was full and in the advance.

New York, March 31, 1862.

Am feeling wretchedly. Would give a great deal to be in the front rank. Have just sent a letter to Harrisburg requesting to be transferred to another station, but have small hope of succeeding. If they don't grant my request, I shall go on myself—see what I can do personally.

New York, April 11, 1862.

It makes me almost mad when I think of the fighting and that I am not in it. There is some prospect, rather slim though, that the Head-quarters of our Regiment are to be moved to Fort Hamilton. It would make it pleasanter for me while I am recruiting.

New York, July 1, 1862.

I do not think that I shall come up home, (as he had proposed in a previous letter) as I feel rather ashamed to be seen in the village, not having been in any fight.

The writer dined with him one day, while at the recruiting rendezvous near the Battery, and was touched with the warmth of his welcome. But it was all explained by his having written, a little while before, "It is a very lonely life I am leading, and I wish I had some companion. Have a little kitten in my office who persists in sitting on my lap, wherever I am. Is in it now, but it must be uncomfortable for her as she has all her

claws dug into me for the purpose of holding on. Is now on the table upsetting the ink and switching her tail over the paper."

Never having visited the Brooklyn navy-yard, and learning that a "pass" was necessary now to gain admittance, soon after dinner I stated the case to him, and he readily offered to accompany me over, and exert himself to secure admission for us both. So thither we went by ferry-boat and horse-car. I could but notice his modesty at the start, (so unlike most fresh young U. S. officers) in drawing a common citizen's overcoat over shoulder-straps and military buttons, etc., so that no one would suspect his rank, until we encountered the sentinel at the entrance gate, who peremptorily stopped our entering, as civilians, and my companion then was constrained to reveal his insignia, and state his position, which at once enabled us to pass in and freely around the busy yard, as we never shall together again.

FORT HAMILTON, Jan. 17, 1863.

I am officer of the day, and shall have to sit up most of the night. That is the great trouble of a soldier's life, this having to sit up late occasionally, and to be obliged to get up very often long before the sun has begun to think of it.

FORT HAMILTON, March 15, 1863.

I have just come from Sunday afternoon parade, on

which I appeared in all the glories of epaulets, sash and sabre. I wish the Battery was off for the field. This garrison duty is very monotonous, the same thing day after day.

A — won't it be gay when the Conscription Act is put in force? All the Regulars are to be scattered around the country, and small favor will be shown to those who resist.

In reply to a letter announcing his friend's "engagement," he writes as follows from his

Camp at Stevenson, Ala., Sept. 3, 1863.

I am engaged to my profession, and am fully satisfied with the engagement.

It seems hard for the men who are in the field that so many able-bodied men should loaf at home, when a hundred thousand recruits to fill up old regiments would put down the rebellion in six months. I suppose our Brigade (Regulars) will leave this place and cross the river in about a week or ten days. The sooner the better.

We had a rough march across the Cumberland mountains, and I hear will have to cross two ranges of hills on the other side on our way to Chattanooga. I had to leave two horses on our last march, and turned six into the Quarter-master's after reaching this camp. The roads and the heat were too much for them. * * Our surgeon told me a short time ago that I was in a "disgusting state of health"—so there is little chance of my getting North for some time. Yesterday I rode down to the Tennessee river and had a glorious swim—reminded me of the old Connecticut.

It was my privilege to visit Fort Hamilton one afternoon in the late spring, with the hope of meet-

ing my young friend the Lieutenant there, but found, to my disappointment, on questioning the sentinel, that he had left, the week previous, for active service in the South. But the simple intimation that I was an old friend of Lieut. Burnham was all the passport needed for admission to the Fort. The officer of the day greeted me cordially, though an entire stranger, and kindly escorted me through the corridors and ramparts, on the strength of my acquaintance with his late associate, whose pleasant memory still lingers there and in other places that once knew him so well.

The only records of his southern life, in camp and on the march, are found in letters that he wrote, often as circumstances would permit, mostly to his mother, and frequently at a disadvantage, for which due allowance will of course be made.

They were written with no thought of serving any purpose but that of familiar home-letters from an ever mindful son; and the last one of all closes cheerfully as the first. They have, however, been freely entrusted to our hands, by request, to constitute a valued portion of this humble memorial of their author.

We have also been privileged to examine the

contents of a memorandum book found after death, in his haversack, and here append the latest entries he ever made, and in hasty pencil mark.

SEPT. 14.—Crossed Lookout Mountain, and camped at its foot. Ten horses to each gun and caisson.

SEPT. 15.—Moved four miles to camp. Visited a cave.

Here follow the extracts from those home-letters, already referred to, giving in his own words, more particularly, his impressions and experiences.

CAMP DAWSON, NEAR STEVENSON, ALA.,
August 14, 1863.

MY DEAR MOTHER:—Well, again we have changed camp, and to do it we crossed the mountains. Last Monday we started and had a terrible march. * * * The road we took had not been used for five years, and was almost all rock. Some thirty wagons of the train were broken, but all are up now. We are halted in a fine camp, and will wait here, till the horses get recruited, and the wagon wheels are mended. We are six miles by rail, and eight by road from Stevenson. It was a hard march for the horses, and bad for the men, as the weather was so hot. One battalion of infantry had sixteen cases of sunstroke—some of them serious. * * * * The last letter I wrote was from Cowan and contained a drawing of our usual camp. * * * * I was out foraging this morning and took with me about three quarts of salt—went to a house and offered to pay for some potatoes, with *greenbacks*, but they would not take. Met another officer who said he had been all around, but could not find anything.

I called my orderly and told him to bring the salt. When it came the man looked at it, went in the house, and came back with plenty of new potatoes. They like greenbacks, but prefer salt and coffee. This is a splendid country but *such* inhabitants! The man who owns all the land around here (over a thousand acres) lives in a house built of logs, and so it is, all through the country. I have seen but one school-house, and two or three little churches since I left Murfreesboro.

I should like to see you all again, but unless I was wounded or sick, I could not get a "leave," and then, twenty days is the limit. As I was never in *better* health, I don't think I shall see you soon.

This last march somewhat reduced me in flesh, for though I was on horseback, I was obliged to dismount frequently. Lieut. Ludlow was back with the wagons, and Lieut. Fessenden had gone to Nashville for horses, so I had everything under my charge, as the commanding officer always rides in front. My face and hands are as brown as an Indian's.

I have no idea what Gen. Rosey intends doing, and hear no rumors. It is reported that Polk has succeeded Bragg, and that Gen. Burnside is moving into East Tennessee. We may be waiting for him. I hope they will move us down to the Tennessee river. * * * * *

Your affectionate son,

HOWARD.

CAMP DAWSON, NEAR STEVENSON, ALA.,
August 25, 1863.

* * * *

To-day I have assumed command of Battery "H," Fifth U. S. Artillery. * * Lieut. Guenther received orders a few days since to report to Gen. Heintzleman at

Washington, but will endeavor to return to this Battery. * * We have a new Division Commander in place of Gen. Rosseau. Gen. Baird of the Inspector's department, regular army, took command yesterday. * * * *

CAMP DAWSON, NEAR STEVENSON, ALA.,
August 29, 1863.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

* * * * * * *

The last letter I wrote told you that I took command of this Battery last Tuesday. I have since then been appointed Chief of Artillery for the First Division, Fourteenth Army Corps. I do not think we will leave our present camp for some time. The railroad bridge at Bridgeport will not be finished for sixty days, and though there are enough pontoons here to bridge the river, I am afraid they will not be used. They are collecting large stores of provisions at Stevenson, and the bulk of our army, some fifty thousand men, are encamped around and along the river in the direction of Chattanooga. Gen. Crittenden marched with his corps down the Sequatchie valley, and is now east of Chattanooga.

* * * * *

We have a new Division Commander, Gen. Baird, a major in the regular army. I think he will prove a fine officer. Being Chief of Artillery I am one of his staff, though I live with the Battery. I should love to see you all again, but would not like to leave this army at present.

I wish father would come down here. He would find my bed harder than that at Fort Hamilton. I have a rubber blanket, two soldier blankets, and an overcoat—the last I use as a pillow.

I have been so far in fine health and like this out-door life — everything except waiting three or four days in

camp. I suppose Longmeadow is looking very pleasant and our place more so, but I shall not probably see it this season. * * * *

Give my love to father, Ellie, and grandmother, and keep a good share for yourself.

Your affectionate son,

HOWARD.

CAMP AT STEVENSON, ALA., Sept. 3, 1863.

MY DEAR FATHER :—

I have now two letters of yours on hand, one dated August 17th, that reached me at our last camp, and one dated August 26th, that I received this morning.

You see by the date that we have again moved our camp, and are now lying close to the village of Stevenson. All the army are across the river excepting our brigade, who are doing guard duty in the town. Stevenson is at present the great depot of this army, and as we hear constantly the whistle of the engines, it seems a little more like civilized life. Yesterday I rode down to the river with our surgeon, and saw a brigade of cavalry cross on the pontoon bridge. The water looked so inviting that the doctor and I stripped and took a glorious swim, leaving my orderly with our horses. Our brigade will probably follow the army so soon as the reserve corps comes up, which will be in about a week. There has been no rain here for nearly a week, and I never saw such dust. Army wagons constantly moving keep up a cloud. Rumors are circulating through this brigade that we are to be ordered North to recruit, and join the regulars in New York for a Southern trip by water, but they are not believed. * * * * * Best love to all.

HOWARD.

Bridgeport, Ala., September 8, 1863.

My Dear Mother: — I received yesterday your letter of August 30th. Four days ago I took four guns, and marched from Stevenson to this place, and am now encamped in a rebel work built to defend the railroad bridge. On the advance of our forces the rebels evacuated the works and burnt the bridge, but there is now a pontoon laid and troops and teams are continually crossing. My tent is pitched in a small earth-work on top of a hill, one gun is mounted in it and others are lying along side. From my tent a most beautiful view is had. Lookout Mountain, twenty miles from here, is in sight. It is four miles from Chattanooga, and has twenty-four guns mounted on it. I hear rebel guns. * * * * *

Part of this brigade is at Stevenson, part here, and some of it is scattered along the railroad. We expect to be relieved soon, by the reserve corps. * * *

I am sorry to hear that Ellie cannot go to school at Farmington this fall. Don't keep her at home any longer. *

I must close this letter as the orderly is just starting for Stevenson.

Give my love to father, Ellie and all my friends.

Your affectionate son,

Howard.

The following was his last letter before the fatal battle:

Camp in McLemore's Cove, Ga.,
September 16, 1863.

My Dear Mother: — Not having the slightest idea where I am, except that I am in the State of Georgia, and about twenty-five miles from Chattanooga, I can give you no better date to this letter.

Last Thursday we left Bridgeport, and such marching I have never seen, and never want to again. We have crossed two mountains, each of which took a day, and used up a good many of Uncle Sam's wagons, mules, and horses. The first mountain was Racoon, and the road was good, though very steep; but the second, Lookout Mountain, was terrible. The hill was a mile and a quarter. I had ten horses on each gun and caisson, and got up without much trouble, but the train continually got stalked. The Infantry had to assist, and nearly a company was put to each wagon. The enemy is said to be five miles in front, and to outnumber the force now in this valley, but McCook is coming up. We will move to-morrow and go into position. * *

I am in good health and spirits.

Give my love to father, Ellie, grandmother, and all.

Your affectionate son,

HOWARD.

We come now to the sad, closing chapters. Suddenly, one quiet autumn afternoon, we were met at our door by a friend and next neighbor, who has aided much in preparing materials for this memorial, with the startling announcement, "Howard is among the fallen at Chicamauga!"

Yet we clung to the forlorn hope that later reports might prove this first telegram a mistake, until the conviction was forced upon us all that Howard was really dead! And these have been reported to us as his last words: To one of the Sixteenth Regulars who hurried to him as he fell, with the ques-

tion, "Lieutenant, are you hurt?" his answer was, "Not much, *but save the guns!*" He then asked for a glass of water. Lieut. Fessenden was soon after at his side, and said, "Burnham, do you know me?" Opening his eyes faintly, he murmured, "On with the Eighteenth, (Reserves) I say!" and never spoke again.

From a graphic description of the fatal battle, by the New York Herald's correspondent, we extract the following account of the Battery in command of which our hero fell:

BATTERY H, FIFTH ARTILLERY.

Among other batteries lost like Loomis' was the famous Battery "H" of the Fifth Artillery. At Shiloh it figured as "Terrill's," that officer then commanding, christening it on that memorable day when it and others saved the day. At Stone River it was destined to again come to the rescue, this time of McCook; and under Lieut. Guenther it was now baptized with his name. A short time ago Guenther went to the Potomac, and Lieut. Howard M. Burnham came into command; and again for a third time, under a third gallant commander, Battery H came to the rescue. I knew Burnham and Fessenden and Ludlow well. Their quarters lay on my road to head-quarters, and I never passed them without a pleasant greeting and a cheerful word. They were each men of unusual worth. Burnham is killed and the others wounded and captured. All have fallen nobly, and though the Battery ceases to exist, the story of their worth and heroism will not perish. "Though the field be lost, all is not lost," when the smoke of battle

dissolves to reveal the tableau of these young men perishing over their guns. * * * * * At one time the regulars, hard pressed, had the misfortune to be separated. A battalion of the Sixteenth Infantry was cut off and nearly all captured. Major Coolidge was killed, Dawson and Miller, Clark, Mills, Crofton, Adair and Meredith wounded; Burnham dead, and the men and horses of his Battery lying in heaps around him, with his lieutenants too badly wounded to command, the brigade broken, badly repulsed, leaving the now immovable Battery in the hands of the rebels.

From the same correspondence we also extract the following glowing sketch of the famous "charge":—

The charge of that corps should go down to posterity in language that would insure the immortality of the story. Moving with admirable precision, yet with great rapidity, the line never wavered, as the enemy, attempting to make a stand, would for a moment halt, and turn upon the terrible line of leaping flame which pursued him. The incidents of that charge cannot be told. A thousand are crowding the note-book of my memory; but I dare not stop now to tell how noble Burnham and Ludlow and Fessenden, with thirty men and fifty horses killed, fell over their captured guns, nor how their Battery was retaken, nor how the Sixteenth Infantry threw itself away against the wall of flame that licked it up till only one wounded captain and twenty men remained. I had seen two batteries fall into our hands, and turned upon those who abandoned them, helping to strew the plain with their bodies. I cannot now detail how volunteers and regulars vied with each other for the honor of the day. God knows they won glory enough to cover all.

Soon after the news of his death was confirmed, the following notice of Lieut. Burnham appeared in the editorial columns of *The Springfield Daily Republican* : —

Lieut. Howard M. Burnham, son of R. H. Burnham, of Longmeadow, who was killed on Sunday in the great battle in Georgia, which resulted in the retreat of Gen. Rosecrans to Chattanooga, belonged to Battery H, Fifth Regular Artillery. He was shot in the breast, and lived only two hours after receiving his wound. He was first a member of the Tenth Regiment, afterwards promoted to a Second Lieutenancy in the Fifth Artillery, and to a First Lieutenancy in May last, while doing garrison duty at Fort Hamilton, New York, and immediately ordered to Gen. Rosecrans' army, where, though only twenty-one years of age, he was lately made Chief of Artillery of the First Division, Fourteenth Army Corps. Lieut. Burnham was a young man of singular purity and correctness of character combined with a high-toned purpose and vigorous determination to do his duty as a man and a soldier, preferring the hardships and exposure of the army and field to the ease and comforts of an attractive home, where he had been carefully reared as an only son. His early death has blighted many fond hopes of relatives and neighbors and friends, who had known him from his boyhood, and always regarded him with esteem and love.

We add this tribute to his memory from the *Boston Evening Gazette* : —

Lieut. Howard M. Burnham, who was killed at the battle of Chicamauga, on the 19th of September, was

the son of R. H. Burnham, Esq., of Longmeadow, and grandson of the late Elisha Burnham, formerly a merchant of this city. His mother is daughter of the late Samuel Mather of Connecticut, a descendant of Cotton Mather. At the rebellion young Burnham volunteered in his country's service and nobly performed the duties of a patriot soldier. He was soon promoted to a lieutenancy in the U. S. regular service, and on his promotion to be First Lieutenant, was ordered to the army of Gen. Rosecrans, and, in August last, to command of Battery H, Fifth Artillery. He was made Chief of Artillery and placed on the staff of Gen. Baird. Lieut. Burnham was but twenty-one years of age. He was singularly pure-minded and leaves behind him a character unstained; his loss is deeply mourned by his townsmen and all who knew him. Lieut. Fessenden thus concludes a letter from the battle-field to his parents, who have lost their tenderly reared and only son:

"He was a fine officer, always looking out for his men, and much esteemed by them,—a brave and gallant soldier, he fell at the post of duty, gallantly fighting his Battery against overwhelming numbers of the enemy. Forty-one men were killed and wounded, and more than one-third of the horses were shot. This will attest the severity of the fire we were under.

"Your son died the most glorious of deaths, for he fell fighting his country's battles, his face to the foe. By his death our regiment loses one of its superior officers, the country a brave and good man."

By permission of the family we are privileged to give the entire letter from which the foregoing extract is quoted, together with extracts from

correspondence of two other army officers, in reply to a letter for information respecting the late Lieutenant from his uncle, a personal friend of theirs.

From 2d Lieut. Fessenden, of Battery H, Fifth Artillery:

ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.
CHATTANOOGA, TENN., Sept. 26, 1863.

MY DEAR SIR: — I avail myself of the very first opportunity to write you the circumstances of the loss of your son, Lieut. Howard M. Burnham. He fell mortally wounded at the "Battle of Chicamauga" about noon on the 19th September, and expired the same day between three and four o'clock. The Battery was exposed to a most murderous fire of bullets; it was almost immediately taken by the enemy. Your son fell shot through the breast, the ball (a Minie) entering over the right nipple and passing clear through, came out under the left arm. I saw him an hour after he was shot; he was then unconscious and so remained. I do not think he suffered to any great extent. I spoke to him asking if he knew me. Opening his eyes for an instant, I thought I observed a look of recognition, but it speedily vanished. I had him carried from the field and did all in my power to save him. I saw it was useless. I could only make his last moments as comfortable as possible. His remains, as I have already telegraphed you, I brought to this city. Early Monday morning they were interred in one of the cemeteries; myself and part of the company stood around the grave, while a clergyman, a kind gentleman connected with the U. S. Christian Commission, read a portion of scripture and offered prayer. A simple head-board upon which is

painted his name, marks the resting place of your son. There were no embalmers in the city, hence I could not carry out my own intentions, and the wishes of his friends.

I have in my possession the personal effects of your son; his watch, purse, letters, valise, &c. I await your order as regards their disposition.

I have now written you an account of the death of your son — the circumstances so far as known to me. I can only add a few words, which I trust may not be thought inappropriate. Your son joined the Battery the 1st of June; closely associated since that time I knew him very intimately. He was a fine officer, always looking out for his men, and much esteemed by them. He fell at the post of duty, gallantly fighting his Battery, against overwhelming numbers of the enemy. He obeyed as a true soldier always will, *the order from the General* that placed his Battery in the dense wood where it was taken. While he lived he fought the guns well; that they were lost *is no fault of his.* Not only was *he* mortally wounded, but Lieut. Ludlow also fell, while I received a wound in the right side. Fifty-one men were killed and wounded, and more than one-third of the horses were shot. This will attest the severity of the fire we were under.

It would ill-become me, a stranger to you, to offer any words of sympathy. At such a time as this, mere *words* are of no avail. Your son died the most glorious of deaths, for he fell fighting his country's battles, his face to the foe. By his death our Regiment loses one of its superior officers, the country a brave and good man.

I am sir, your obedient servant,

JOSHUA A. FESSENDEN,

2d LIEUT. FIFTH ARTILLERY.

TO RODERICK H. BURNHAM, ESQ.

Cleveland, Oct. 21, 1863.

My Dear Burnham: — Enclosed are letters in reply to one I wrote for information in regard to dear Howard, to Col. Barnett, an old friend, and Chief of Artillery on Gen. Rosecrans' staff. They do not give much additional information to what you already have, but still they may be interesting memorials of your noble son, which you may wish to retain. * * * * *

S. L. M.

From Col. Barnett:

Head-quarters Department of the Cumberland.
Chattanooga, Oct. 11, 1863.

Friend M ——: In answer to your note making enquiries in regard to your much lamented nephew, I enclose you a letter from Capt. Geo. A. Kensal, Commanding Company H, Fifth Artillery.

I had met young Burnham but a few times, but was very favorably impressed with his gentlemanly and soldier like qualities, and find that he was universally beloved; it is at least a sad pleasure to know that he died like a true soldier. * * * * *

I am dear sir, very respectfully,
James Barnett.

From Capt. Geo. A. Kensal to Col. James Barnett: —

Head-quarters Battery H, Fifth Artillery.
Chattanooga, Oct. 10, 1863.

Colonel: — In reply to the letter addressed you by Mr. Mather, and handed to me, I have the honor to state, that First Lieut. Howard M. Burnham, commanding Bat-

tery H, Fifth Artillery, was killed in action with the enemy at Chicamauga, Ga., on the 19th of September, while gallantly leading on the Battery. His death was not instantaneous; he died surrounded by his brother officers about two hours after he was first struck; his last inquiry was for the safety of his Battery. When assured it was in our hands, he died resigned to his fate, a noble sacrifice on the altar of patriotism.

Lieut. Fessenden brought his body to this place, where it was decently interred by his men.

Mr. Burnham (his father) was here, and has perfected arrangements to have the remains of his son conveyed home as soon as communications are opened. In the death of Lieut. Burnham, the army has lost a gallant member, the country a glorious defender.

I am Colonel, most respectfully your obedient servant,

GEO. A. KENSAL, CAPTAIN FIFTH ARTILLERY,
COMMANDING BATTERY H.

The following paragraphs, as appropriate in this connection, are copied from a communication entitled "*Our Youthful Dead*," that was published in *The Springfield Republican*, a few days after the event that suggested it:

A young man, thoroughly furnished and of rare promise, falls on the threshold of his chosen profession, under one of those blows which staggers the firmest believer, and wounds the mother's heart past healing.

But the very force of the infliction only deepens the impression for good, of that promising young life. You say truly he left his mark. No matter if his image be wreathed with funeral cypress now, instead of the laurels he

was not spared to win; his head is wearing that crown of glory which a long life often fails to secure.

While we write, the memories of our youthful dead in battle gather thick as Autumn leaves. O, what cruel havoc this war has made with the young. We remember what enthusiasm they have kindled for the old flag, and the cause it typified; and, alas, we cannot forget at what price of young heroic blood our victories have been purchased. It seems but yesterday since we parted with two Lieutenants for the army — one the Benjamin,* the other an only son.† For more than a year they were mercifully kept on recruiting service, aloof from the deadly fray. They were doing all the while good service for their country, and their interest in the profession of arms, strengthened with their strength. But their hearts burned within them; they grew impatient to be under fire. At length the long wished for opportunity came, before Vicksburg and Chattanooga. Never were young hearts more elated in face of the shadowy future, and their letters home breathed hope and assurance. But soon after came the telegram with a shock like that of the rebel cannon-shot and bullet, which laid those young heroes low. They had been given up to country, do you say? In one sense they had, but not in this. There was the reserved conviction that He would have mercy and not sacrifice—and the thought, perhaps, of such as Abraham, who offered up his cherished boy only to have him restored again richer in promise than before. Then, again, the sight of old mates and friends that have come back unscathed by battle or pestilence, and they left dead behind, who had seemed to carry with them, so many months, a charmed life. Say

* Lieut. Justus Boies, Thirteenth U. S. Infantry.

† Lieut. Howard M. Burnham, Fifth Artillery.

what you will about self-sacrificing loyalty; when the sacrifice really comes, "the heart knoweth its own bitterness." It may struggle by day and through the wakeful night, against the incoming anguish, but for a while it must yield to the overwhelming flood. O, rebuke not those stricken parents and loved ones to whom these glorious days of autumn are the saddest of the year. Pray, rather, that when their grief is spent, they may rejoice with you in having helped to swell that noble army of martyrs which has been gathering for ages, but is receiving from this war its choicest recruits.

It is a mournful coincidence that three sisters, including the mother of our lamented young friend, should each have been called to drink her own bitter cup of bereavement within little more than a year. The eldest sister is the widow of the late Gen. Mansfield, who fell in the battle of Antietam, September 17th, 1862, and on whose staff young Burnham was preparing to serve as Aid, when the sad tidings came that the General was slain. The second in order of affliction is our neighbor and friend, Mrs. Burnham, so suddenly bereft of her first-born and only son, on the bloody field of Chicamauga, September 19th, 1863. And the last of the three sisters to be bereaved, is the widow of the late H. N. Walton, Esq., of Schenectady, who died suddenly as one that fell in battle, on Friday the day after our last Thanksgiving. Mrs. Walton, having no child of her own,

had always felt for her loved nephew a mother's tenderness; and hastened on, immediately after hearing of his death, to mingle her tears with those of her stricken sister — little dreaming that the light of her own home and life, was so suddenly to be quenched in death, only two months later. May these ties of sisterhood long survive unbroken, and be drawn all the closer by the memory of their triple sorrow!

The following journal, kindly yielded for the purpose, tells its own touching story of the bereaved father's journey after the dead body of his son, to fulfill that parting request, "*If I fall, father, you will bring me home.*"

Sept. 21. Received telegram from Chattanooga that my only son was killed in battle on the Chicamauga (river of death) in Georgia, September 19th.

Sept. 22. Started for Chattanooga to recover if possible the body of my son. Arthur Medlicott accompanied me.

Sept. 25. Reached Louisville — obtained pass to Nashville, but not being able to procure pass for Arthur, was obliged to part with him.

Sept. 26. Reached Nashville, Tenn., and procured pass to Chattanooga,—Lieut. Stansbury, of Gen. Rosecrans' staff, introduced himself to me, and very kindly gave me a note to Lieut. Barnard commanding Convalescent Camp, at Bridgeport, requesting him to assist me in reaching Chattanooga.

Met Mr. Ludlow, brother of Lieut. Ludlow of the same Battery as my son, on the same errand as myself.

Sept. 27. Arrived at one o'clock last night at Stevenson, Alabama—walked the piazza of hotel all night, as I would not sleep two in a bed and seven beds in a room, was refused a chair before the fire in bar-room, although I offered to pay for it liberally. Several officers and others in the same situation as myself, wrapped their blankets around them and slept soundly on floor of piazza till morning. I afterwards learned to do the same thing.

After breakfast Capt. Burton, Fifth Ohio Artillery, introduced me to Capt. Warren, Assistant Quarter-master, who very kindly furnished me ambulance to Chattanooga and back.

Sept. 28. Slept last night at Jasper, formerly a pleasant town but now nearly deserted, houses most of them without doors or windows, desolated by war.

To-day, drove through a charming country; took by-road, where no army or army wagons had passed; everything was peaceful,—saw droves of pigs and cattle in woods,—passed fields of sugar-cane and cotton,—came, while walking in a path in the woods some distance from ambulance, upon a sugar-mill, the cane in the mill, and the fires under the kettles, but whoever was tending them had left at my approach. Rode under fig and persimmon trees, the fruit ripe, and gathered mustang grapes from the vines. Forded the Big and Little Sequatchie rivers during the day,—indeed I forded one of them three times, as we lost our road. Reached by middle of afternoon a mountain, called Waldron's Ridge,—was now again on roads traversed by immense trains of Government wagons, mules lying dead and dying along the road,—little groups of horses, abandoned because they could go no farther,—hogs

with their throats cut,—and cows shot and cut up by soldiers and teamsters at their night camps, for their evening and morning meal, all lying where they fell, and the road made around them.

Walked up the mountain; terrible road for the horses; they could not draw the empty ambulance over the rocks, sent down from top of mountain a pair of mules taken from Government wagon to draw them up. Found on summit a fine iron spring, similar to that in Stafford, Ct. After driving by moonlight some five or six miles across the level summit, came to a log house, where we spent the night.

Sept. 29. Slept last night on Waldron's Ridge. In the morning, after riding a few miles along the level summit, came to the descent. Leaving ambulance to come down with long Government train of mule wagons, I walked ahead. After waiting some time at foot of mountain, and the ambulance not arriving, walked five miles into Chattanooga, the dust hiding my boot at every step; reached there at one o'clock, and went to Head-quarters; was met very kindly by Gen. Rosecrans' staff, dined with them, was then furnished by Lieut. Burt with horse, and accompanied by an officer, and followed by an orderly, rode to camp of Battery H. Met Capt. Kensal and Lieut. Fessenden, and immediately rode with the latter to the church-yard, and stood by the grave of my first-born and only son.

Sept. 30. Hospitably entertained by Capt. Kensal and Lieut. Fessenden. Endeavored to make arrangements for the removal of all that remained of what was once my son. Slept in their tent, formerly Howard's. The band of the Sixteenth Regular Infantry Regiment, in the evening, played before the tent. The enemies lines, some two miles in front,—could see their camp-fires at night.

Oct. 1. Found no undertaker to assist me at Chattanooga, but the carpenter of the Battery made a box airtight as possible, by caulking, in which to place the coffin of my son; but on trial the box was found to be too short. It had been placed in an officer's wagon ready to accompany me, but I found it necessary to have it reinterred. Lieut. Fessenden, who was wounded in his side, and who had met with many narrow escapes, having received a bullet in a package of letters in his breast pocket and another which indented the scabbard of his sword, so that it could not be drawn, had obtained a leave of absence, and was to accompany me in my ambulance; took with him the same officer's wagon which was to have conveyed the remains of my son, to carry our baggage, and started in afternoon for home,—rained hard,—slept in a log house at foot of mountain.

Oct. 2. Crossed the mountain, lost officer's wagon, containing baggage, among the rocks; fortunately my son's remains were not in it. Recovered baggage and placed it in Government wagon.

Heard the enemy were in the valley beyond at foot of mountain, and had destroyed a large train of Government wagons. Orders came that all wagons should remain on top of mountain, to escape the rebel cavalry.

Walked down the mountain alone; met no one but a troop of cavalry one hundred and forty strong, retiring up the mountain, commanded by a Colonel, who, to my enquiry, replied that the enemy were at foot of mountain two hours before and had burnt a train. On reaching foot of mountain, just at evening, found an Infantry company encamping to guard the road, and spent the night with them.

Oct. 3. Lieuts. Fessenden and Neff, and Mr. Cist with ambulance, reached me at foot of mountain about

nine o'clock A. M. Met parties of "Butternuts" flocking into the Union camps to escape the rebel cavalry, fearing to be conscripted, as they said.

Dined at Jasper, where is a large camp, and a fine spring. Rode for some distance along the bank of the Tennessee river; fortunately we were not made the mark of a rebel bullet, although the crack of the rifle was frequently heard from the opposite bank. Passed the pontoon bridge at Battle Creek, where are some earthworks, a camp, and another fine spring. Rode along an embankment that was designed for a railroad. Late at night reached a log house and slept; were joined here by Mr. Ludlow, and Major Skinner with two orderlies on horseback.

Oct. 4. Reached Stevenson, Alabama,—no passenger train,—fortunately got passage on freight train conveying troops. There were three long freight trains loaded with Infantry and Artillery, sent up the railroad to look after the enemy, who were reported near the track, designing to destroy communication between Stevenson and Nashville, and had already destroyed bridges on a branch railroad. Proceeded very slowly, stopping at every station to telegraph ahead. It was the last train over the road for some time, as the enemy succeeded in breaking communication. Slept in the cars.

Oct. 5. Reached Nashville, Tenn., and for the first time since leaving here, September 26th, slept in a bed.

Oct. 6. Left Nashville. Dined at Cave City, Ky., within six miles of a town where guerrillas had that morning surprised and scattered three hundred of our troops, and were at that time breaking open and robbing the bank, so a courier who had just arrived at the station announced.

Reached Louisville and took night train for Cincinnati.

Oct. 7. In morning, reached Seymour, Indiana.

Spent all last night in cars owing to mismanagement. Reached Cincinnati at one o'clock P. M., by extra train. At night took sleeping car for Columbus and Cleveland.

Oct. 8. Reached Cleveland twelve o'clock M., too late to connect. Left at night in sleeping car for Buffalo.

Oct. 9. Arrived home. * * * *

The Springfield Republican of Wednesday morning February 3d, contained the following announcement:

The body of Lieut. Howard Burnham of Longmeadow, the estimable young soldier who was killed at Chicamauga, Tenn., in September last, arrived in this city yesterday and was conveyed in a hearse beautifully draped in flags to Longmeadow, where the funeral will take place this afternoon at two o'clock. Capt. Tift, and many members of the Forty-Sixth Regiment, as well as some of the Twenty-Seventh will attend.

So our young fellow-townsman came back to us at last—but as he comes, the village bell tolls through the quiet air his funeral welcome. The silence of grief, too deep for words, reigns now in those hearts at home that would have greeted so warmly the living, while four early playmates and comrades bear in reverently across the threshold, his coffined remains. Kind, sympathizing neighbors came in by and by, and arranged, with silent tears, upon the burial casket beautiful fresh wreaths of white and green, with two elegant

crosses of the same and bouquet at its foot, and the "victor's crown" of laurel, tied with the red, white, and blue to his sword—their fragrant tributes to his memory.

And when the last funeral rite was ended, we looked down upon the coffin lowered to its last resting-place, with the silent prayer, that when the breezes blow balmy again, and the birds come back to sing over his grave, balm may come to those wounded hearts, and thanksgiving to that sorrowful home.

From *The Springfield Republican* of the next morning, we quote the following brief notice of the funeral:

Funeral services were held Wednesday afternoon at his father's house in Longmeadow, over the remains of Lieut. Howard M. Burnham, who fell on the field of Chicamauga last September. The services were highly interesting and the attendance large. Appropriate remarks were made by Rev. Mr. Harding of Longmeadow, bestowing worthy testimony to the noble character of young Burnham. The prayer was made by Rev. Mr. Buckingham of this city, after which a beautiful dirge was sung. The casket containing the body was swathed in the national colors, and a beautiful wreath of flowers was placed upon it, while about the house were several relics of the young soldiers career, not the least touching of which was the head-board of his grave on the bloody field, with its rude and simple inscription. A large number of persons from this city were present.

The dirge was most tastefully and impressively sung by a quartette of brothers, esteemed young fellow-townsmen of the deceased, and one of whom, Mr. H. S. Newell, composed the music set to the following words of Mrs. Hemans:

Rest on your battle-fields, ye brave!
Let the pines murmur o'er your grave,
Your dirge be in the moaning wave—
We call you back no more!

O, there was mourning when ye fell,
In your own vales a deep-toned knell,
An agony, a wild farewell—
But that hath long been o'er.

Rest with your still and solemn fame!
The hills keep record of your name,
And never can a touch of shame
Darken the buried brow.

But we on changeful days are cast,
When bright names from their place fall fast;
And ye that with your glory passed,
We cannot mourn you now.

FUNERAL ADDRESS,

By Rev. J. W. Harding.

As we are gathered together to perform the burial rites for him whose body tarries now in this dear home whence he went out to offer up for us his life—as we thus complete the long journey from the field where he poured out his young heart's blood, to the graves of his fathers, you may expect from me a brief review of the life so quickly, but so nobly ended.

Lieut. Howard Mather Burnham was born March 17th, 1842, and died September 19th, 1863, on the battle-field of Chicamauga, which being translated from the Indian tongue, signifies "The River of Death."

When the first gun fired on Fort Sumter gave the signal of war, it did not take him unawares. Though excited he was not startled by it. The fire had long been burning in his heart, and now

it burst forth in all the glow of an enthusiasm which could not be gainsayed. He only waited for the consent of his parents, and on April 19th, 1861, the memorable day when our Massachusetts soldiers were attacked in Baltimore, he joined the "City Guards" at Springfield. About a fortnight after, with the prospect of speedier service in active warfare, he united with the Tenth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers, then forming on Hampden Park, in which he was chosen First Lieutenant. A few weeks thereafter, he received a commission as Second Lieutenant, Fifth Regular Artillery, in the Regular Army. Having reported at Harrisburg, Pa., he was for several months engaged as recruiting officer at Towanda, Philadelphia, New York, Albany, Dubuque, and finally ordered to Fort Hamilton, N. Y., on garrison duty. Meanwhile, a promised appointment on the staff of his uncle, Gen. Mansfield, was prevented by the death of that noble and lamented officer at Antietam, September 17th, 1862. The next April, Lieut. Burnham was promoted to a First Lieutenancy, and ordered to join Battery H, Army of the Cumberland at Murfreesboro, under command of Gen. Rosecrans who was then hastening his pursuit of Bragg. Soon after his arrival, he was placed in command of the Battery,

and in a few days received the appointment of Chief of Artillery, First Division, Fourteenth Army Corps, and placed on the staff of Gen. Baird. Remaining for a brief stay to defend the bridge at Bridgeport, Ala., he next assisted in the difficult task of conducting the Artillery over the Lookout range of mountains. Then came the fatal strife. He died at his post, serving his guns, surrounded by his brave men, in the very heat and ardor of the battle, shot through the breast. There, for us, and for his country, he poured out his noble blood. It was a willing sacrifice. He had counted well the cost. In all that beautiful glow and ardor of enthusiasm, there was no levity nor recklessness, nor inconsideration. There was a manly thoughtfulness even in the boy, and how suddenly, when the trumpet of war sounded, did the boy leap into the man. He had all along forecast the war,—through the winter previous to the attack on Sumter, prophesying that it would come, and that he should go; even then preparing himself for the anticipated hardships of the camp, developing his strength by out-door labor, and useful work, enduring hardness, sleeping with open window on the hard bed, coursing our streets on his swift horse. What pleasant memories have we all of that manly, open, handsome

face, —that laughing eye that beamed so keen with honor and with friendship. We knew him as the obedient son and the loving brother, as one who scorned from his deepest soul all meanness and untruth and deceit. We think of him as the type of gentlemanly bearing and the model of courtesy. How many memories this sad home recalls, like pictures hung in the chambers of the soul. I think of him as he mingled so animated and joyous in our Christmas gathering at the Parsonage,—and after that, when one May morning he reined up to my garden fence, his eye sparkling and his face all aglow with the prospects of the war,—his high-toned purpose so revealing itself in every look. Again we saw him marching in the ranks of the "Tenth" with those earliest volunteers of our town and county, and again with his modest bearing, as he wore his soldier's garb for the first time in our village church. In his last letter, written amidst the haste and difficulty of getting the artillery through the mountain pass, he exclaims in all the overflow of his splendid health and spirits, "Oh! this is a glorious life! How I would like to see you all —but not now. I cannot leave my post in a time like this." He had pined and longed in all the restlessness of his ardent soul for active service,

and now, it was his, and he snuffed the battle from afar like the war-horse. And yet he had forecast the risks of battle,—he had often thought of the positive nearness of death to the soldier. When sometimes reminded by his friends of the serious aspects of his future, he would cheerfully reply, "All right,—if I fall, 'twill be all right. My life is no better than the life of others."

The idea of death was not to him an unfamiliar thought. Even at first, when in the encampment on Hampden Park, and the parting seemed nigh, he said to his father in the trembling tones that told how filial affection and patriotism were struggling together in his heart, "Father, if I fall, you will bring me home."

Here is his Testament. It bears the marks of use. Did he read it? Was it the man of his counsel and the guide of his understanding? We turn over the leaves of his larger Bible, left at home, and it is full of marks that testify to his precious habit of Bible reading. And this little Testament—a recent gift of the Christian Commission, his companion in the camp—it also bears the marks of use. And we have surer testimony. Lieut. Fessenden, his fellow-soldier and tent-mate, when he took this Testament from his haversack and handed it to his father, as they sat

together in the tent at Chattanooga, looking over the touching mementos of the departed said, "I can testify, sir, that amid all the hurry and confusion of the camp, your son always read in this Testament before he slept at night." It was in keeping with his habit of private devotion at home. We know but little of his religious thoughts and feeling—for he was naturally reticent on such themes, and said very little about his inner life. But did any one ever hear from Howard Burnham an impure word—an irreverent or a profane word? Did any one ever see him "walking in the counsel of the ungodly or sitting in the seat of the scornful?" Can we remember aught concerning him that would make these habits of devotion and this habitual respect for God's word—a mockery?

And now we are met to heed that request which he made to his father, "If I fall, you will bring me *home*." Yes,—at home again,—here in his boyhood's home, "he sleeps his last sleep."

What more can I say? I feel how utterly poor and empty are words to express the sympathies and the consolations, the sorrows and the hopes, which belong to an hour like this.

But I will repeat his own words, "Oh! this is a glorious life." "And if I fall, it will be all

right." Yes, it *was* a glorious life,—and it was a glorious death. And *it is* "*all right.*" Shall we under this hard pressure of our grief impeach *his* judgment? Shall we begrudge the offering which he made so nobly? Shall we say that the *cause* was not worth the sacrifice? Oh, no! for the noble dead would then rebuke us. "Father, thy will be done!" It is indeed a costly and a bitter sacrifice. But it is not God's will that this great rebellion should be overthrown without great cost. "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die it shall bring forth much fruit." Ah! let us wait in patient hope for the precious fruit of all this buried seed. How immeasurably precious is the cause. It is the cause of law, of liberty, of humanity. Forget not that our institutions were at first the price of blood. Remember Warren and Hale, and the noble martyrs of the Revolution. But we had forgotten the ancient cost of sacrifice — and our greed, and unrighteousness, and slavery, and contempt of God, had begun to work the forfeiture of our institutions. We had "become corrupt, and had done wickedly, and had spoken loftily concerning oppression." And the time had fully come when our institutions must be founded anew, and cemented anew, and

baptized anew,—even with this baptism of blood, "For without the shedding of blood there was no remission." This precious blood! It cries from the ground to-day. It cries aloud, while our hearts give back the cry for vengeance, even a righteous vengeance, wherewith the Most High Ruler shall recompense the instigators and conspirators of this gigantic and wicked rebellion,—and it crieth against that enormous system of oppression which is the fountain and the origin of all these woes. But this precious blood shall not cry in vain. God hath marked it in His book. Nor shall its record be lost from the pages of the glorious future. Your son and your brother's name shall stand in no ignoble place in the emblazoned list of heroes whom the generations to come shall praise,—that ancient saying has won its new fulfillment, "It is sweet and honorable to die for one's country."

Think, too, of that noble fellowship, which this day seals to you,—the fellowship in suffering of all those bleeding hearts bound up in the same sad covenant of affliction. Would that some one of them were here, the silent pressure of whose hand could speak so much better and truer than all my words. Would that the father of Adjutant Stearns, or Sergeant Thompson, or Col.

Robert Shaw, or Adjutant Bacon were here. But are they not here? Yes, they do know your grief, their hearts do thrill responsive to your sighs. I hold in my hand a little volume sent to you from one of these sorrowing fathers. Though before a stranger, yet now brought near by the bonds of a common sorrow, he sends to you the memorial of his son; and the friendly inscription reads, "With the kind regards and sincere sympathy of the author." * How elevating and ennobling the spirit which led the sorrowing father to write these touching pages. How near does his heart draw to yours when on the closing page he says of his work of love and grief, "It has been executed in much infirmity and with many distractions of mind, amid swelling tides of grief, mitigated, and assuaged indeed, by help divinely given, alternating with proud and consoling recollections of him who was 'my hope and my crown,' and a strong hope that his example might stimulate others in like manner to devote themselves to the good and great cause, the cause that by the blessing of God shall ultimately prevail, shall finally triumph. It is this spirit of consecration that can alone save our dear country in this the crucial hour of its destiny. I count no

* Judge William P. Bacon of Utica, N. Y.

sacrifice too great or costly to secure this noble end; and in this faith and hope of final success, I firmly abide. I shall never surrender it, until I am prepared to abandon my trust in truth, in righteousness, and in freedom, and above all, in God, the Author and Defender of them all. I shall utter no reproach but I profoundly pity those who have no sympathy with this mighty effort to roll back the flood of crime and barbarism that threaten to engulf us, and have no personal stake in the great issue; and on the other hand, I have nothing but words of earnest encouragement and hearty cheer to those who stand by the country, and 'rally round the flag' of the free."

Beloved friends, we have come to this your house of mourning to give to your departed one the utmost tribute of our honor and our love, and to you the best consolations that our truest sympathies and neighborly affections can afford. But we know full well that such considerations as we have offered cannot dry your tears nor beguile the bitterness that mourns for your first-born and your only son. Nature will claim these tears, and God from on high will behold and pity you. We now commend you to Him and to the word of His grace, and to the healing of the Holy

Comforter sent in the name of Him who once suffered for our sins and bore our griefs. Remember Him who spared not His own Son, but gave him up freely for us all. Like as a father pitieth his children so doth He pity you. Remember Him who was obedient unto death; even the death of the cross, that He might be your great and merciful High Priest. Having mingled with the mourners and wept with them at the grave, He can be touched with an elder brother's sympathy, while He ever liveth to make intercession for you. May He be your strength in this hour of need, and your portion in all your future pilgrimage. Long will your bleeding hearts ask for your first-born, for him that first called you father,—mother,—the darling of your early married life, the solace and hope of your growing years; but our prayer is that each coming day as it brings your nearer and still nearer to God, may lead you out of this present gloom, so that you may ere long revisit this grave and be enabled to say under the light that shall break through and transfigure these lowering clouds, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted,—I thank the Lord who hath given and hath taken away, that He gave me such a son, and that it was mine to lay upon His altar and the altar of my country such a sacrifice."

From a communication in *The Republican* of February 10th, entitled "*'Tis Something,*" we add in conclusion the following extract, suggested by the return home of young Burnham's remains:

We were struck with this simple phrase in Tennyson's "In Memoriam." * * * * * Some such feelings came over us again but a day or two since, when a friend of our early days received home, from a thousand miles away, all that was left him of his cherished boy. It was not a wasting consumption that had months before laid him low "a stranger in a strange land," but a rebel bullet had done its quick work on the battle-field of Chicamauga. And we remember the father's weary pilgrimage thither, to, if possible, recover and bring home the body that had gone into service instinct with an heroic life; then the lonely journey back, while those dead remains must needs be left, till a more convenient season, in that distant grave marked with its simple head-board. But after weeks of suspense and months of absence, there comes a coffin, forwarded promptly and safe over the long and devious line of railroad, that gives to loved ones, and neighbors, and old companions in arms, the opportunity to unite in a fitting tribute to the memory of the brave, amid scenes so endeared to him before this "cruel war." We can

hardly realize it to be a funeral,—we can hardly believe the old bell yonder is tolling its knell for one, whom we all associate with brighter scenes and better days. But so it is,—we are following our first volunteer, and first lieutenant, afterwards among the "regulars" to the grave prepared for him beside his fathers. Many wishes went out with him to the field; many prayers followed that he might be spared to his home and his country; many tears were shed when the news suddenly came back to us that he was among the dead. Months have passed since the battle, and thousands have since fallen in hospital and on the field, but to-day we think afresh of that one death, and the mother's heart it left so desolate. "If I fall, father, you will bring me home." Yes, home again, where no din of battle shall interrupt the last long sleep, and no rebel hordes shall desecrate the grave.

We used to read with a strange awe this and that inscription in the old graveyard, to the memory of brave townsmen that fought for their country more than a hundred years ago. Here stands the venerable memorial of a Captain, "respected and useful at home," who commanded a company at Louisburg in 1745. And yonder, another to commemorate a Lieutenant, "well beloved at home, and in ye army," who was slain in the memorable battle of Lake George. We little dreamed in those peaceful wanderings, that there was other dust to be garnered here, from bloodier battles than those of the eighteenth century, and testifying yet more eloquently to the beauty and glory of true patriotism. But so it is,—and surely 'tis something that we can point to his final resting-place, and visit now his grave.

"'Tis little; but it looks in truth
As if the quiet bones were blest,
Among familiar names to rest,
And in the places of his youth."

APPENDIX.

NOTE.—By special desire of the family of the deceased, the following spontaneous letters of sympathy and condolence are appended to his Memorial, as a convenient form for preservation.

MIDDLETOWN, Sept. 23, 1863.

I hardly know how to write, but my heart bleeds for you all, father, mother, sister, and grandmother in this hour of your deep bereavement. None but those who have passed through the terrible ordeal, can know the anguish such intelligence would bring. I had felt very anxious yesterday, and to-day particularly, on reading the account of the dreadful battle and terrible slaughter, and searched the papers for Howard's name, but did not hear the sad news, till late this afternoon, when Mrs. H. came in with a mournful countenance and a paper in her hand and asked if I had heard anything from Longmeadow. I started in affright, when she placed the paper in my hand, which announced the death of your noble, gallant and patriotic son. So young in life to be stricken down. * *

I trust you will be sustained. I feel for the bereaved father, who has gone on such a sad mission, and sincerely hope that he will be able to recover and bring home the body of his beloved son. * * * * *

That you may be sustained, and comforted, and blessed, in this hour of sorrow is my fervent prayer. L.

Cleveland, Sept. 24, 1863.

J.'s letter received this morning gave me the first information of your terrible affliction. Ever since the first news of the battle I have been anxious for tidings of dear Howard, not only on his account, but for you, my dear sister. It has been the almost constant subject of our conversation, and our prayers have been daily offered for his safety. He was very dear to me, for I loved and honored him, and during his short visit here, last fall, he attached himself warmly to us all, and we all cried bitterly this morning on receiving the sad news. I need not say how deeply and sincerely, we mourn and sympathise with you and R. Our hearts bleed with you in the loss of one so dear to you, so young, so promising and so noble.

A nobler victim has not been offered on the altar of his country. Oh! how many hearts are made to mourn and bleed, during this wicked and cruel war—when will it end, and how many more victims are to be offered up! I know no words of mine can soothe your anguish or mitigate your loss. You know where to turn and on whom to lean, in this your day of deep sorrow. Oh, may He indeed temper the blow to your strength and afford you that consolation which can be derived from no other source. * * *

We are anxious to learn the result of R.'s sad mission. If he had come this way, and had notified me, I should have tried to have gone with him. My wife is deeply afflicted at your loss, for she also loved your brave boy and honored him for his devotion to his country. * * * * *

May a kind Providence watch over, and preserve you my dear sister, is the prayer of your affectionate brother.

S. L. M.

New York, Sept. 23, 1863.

I don't know how to write you. Since Monday morning I have been so anxious, visiting the telegraph and the papers, vainly seeking for information, which would enable me to telegraph to you of Howard's safety. M. was no less anxious. She was on Sunday speaking of him continually, and seemed to have a presentiment of bad news. Monday night we felt better, and hope had been growing, until about an hour since, I received J.'s letter, conveying the sad, sad news. I have never been more shocked in my life, for Howard was very near, and very dear to me, no less so to my wife, and my children perfectly idolized him. My heart bleeds for you my dear sister. Would to God that I could offer you some consolation. It was only last week I received the paper announcing his promotion. I read it again and again with so much pride. How little did I think I should so soon be called upon to mingle my tears with yours, over the death of so noble and gallant a boy. His poor father, how much I sympathize with him. I wish he had telegraphed me, I would have gone with him, to bring back, if possible, the last that is left of him. * * * * * I loved Howard as one of my children, and I cannot write you how much I feel his untimely loss. Of one thing I am certain, he did his duty bravely, and died rather than surrender to a pack of fiends.

I almost dread going home with such news. "God's will not ours be done." What a lesson it is to us all. God grant that *I* at least may profit by it.

Your affectionate brother, H.

New York, Sept. 28, 1863.

I have never been so shocked, as I was to receive J.'s letter last week, announcing the death of Howard. I had

felt very uneasy since the first news of the battle, but not seeing his name among the casualties, I was beginning to hope that he might have escaped, when the letter came which dissipated all hope.

Yesterday, (Sunday,) there appeared in the *Herald*, a full account of the great battle. The correspondent was on the field, in the centre of "Thomas' corps," and in his description of Saturday's fight he says, "A thousand incidents I might mention of heroism. I might tell how the noble Birnand, (Burnham,) with Ludlow and Fessenden, with fifty horses and thirty men killed, fell on their captured pieces." Further on among the casualties he speaks of "Lieut. Birnand, commanding the Fifth Regiment of Artillery, killed."

I have been at the *Herald* office to-day, to have the name corrected, and had the luck to be introduced to the correspondent himself, who witnessed the whole of it. He told me he knew Howard well; saw him often; that his Battery was surrounded; that he refused to surrender, and all three were shot down over their guns, Ludlow and Fessenden wounded; the former taken prisoner; Howard killed; alas, he *feared his body would not be recovered;* if this should prove correct, how his broken-hearted father will suffer. * * * * *

Howard has many friends here, and so far as sympathy goes to reconcile me to so great a loss, there has been sufficient from many quarters. * * * * *

H.

Brooklyn, Sept. 27, 1863.

Since hearing of your great loss, there has been scarcely an hour of the day, that my thoughts have not been with you, and have only not written sooner, from the fear of intruding upon your sorrow. But perhaps it will not trouble

you now, if I tell you how dearly I loved your brave boy, and how deep and personal is my grief at his early death. * * * * * Howard has been so often in my thoughts and prayers, in connection with my own young brothers, that the loss of one of them could not affect me more deeply; and it is so hard to leave him out from among the "dear absent ones," for whom in the midst of so much danger, we can do little but pray. After a time you will find consolation in the thought, that he died in the noble discharge of duty. You will realize that he was in His hands, without whom, not even a sparrow falleth to the ground. But it is hard now to feel although our lips may say it, that it must be all right. * * * * * It would only trouble you, if I should tell you of the numberless expressions of sympathy for you, and for us all, that I have heard from friends of ours, who have seen Howard at our house. * * * * * We are feeling so anxious to learn what you have heard from your husband, and whether he is likely to be successful in the object of his journey. God grant that he may. I have thought of him much, these last few days—such a lonely dreary way, with only a heavy weight of grief for company. Give my best love to dear Ellie. How little we imagined what would happen, when we talked so much of the darling brother, during her short visit here in June.

God bless and comfort you, and grant you that peace, which He alone can give. M. L. M.

Brooklyn, Oct. 11, 1863.

It seems so long since we have heard anything from Longmeadow, that I am impelled to write you to-night, although you must not feel bound to answer me, until you have both leisure and inclination, for your heart and hands

must have been full these sad three weeks. I wish I could make you understand how entirely I feel with and for you all. The dear boy, who is gone, is never out of my thoughts for a moment, and to speak of him with any sort of composure is out of my power, and yet I know that in my letter to his mother, of a fortnight since, so little of this was apparent, that I have almost wished I had not written her at all.

I feel so very anxious to know, whether you have yet heard any particulars respecting the two hours that Howard lived after he was wounded, whether he was sensible, and what were his last words, all that his mother must have so longed to know. My husband fears that Mr. Burnham will not be able at present to bring him home, but I hope he may be mistaken. It would be such a great comfort to you all, to know where the precious dust reposed.

I find myself so often exclaiming, "Why could he not have been wounded, as his friends were!" It is so hard, so impossible yet to feel that it is right. I do hope that you will not think me intrusive or egotistical. I know that in most cases the death of a nephew, by marriage, would not be likely to cause much personal grief; but dear Howard had been here so frequently. He was always so kind to my children, so attentive to me, that he had grown very near to me. There are so few such young men as he was. One only needed to look at his manly, clear face, to feel sure of the pure, high-toned spirit within. Oh, what bitter grief to think that it has fled from earth forever! How can his poor mother bear it? Every day that I realize it more, it seems harder for her to endure, and I question myself fearfully, as to whether *my* faith would sustain me, in a like ordeal. * * * * *

You have no idea how many things about the house are constantly reminding me of him. More than anything

else, an old copy of "Amyas Leigh" which is always on the table. I never left Howard alone for a few moments, that I did not on my return find him reading it. If you have read the book, you will understand the charm it possessed for him. The hero was just such a great noble fellow, with a heart as brave as a lion's, and as gentle as a woman's. It is a shabby old book enough, but I would not take for it now the most elegant volume that was ever published. * * * * * M. L. M.

BOSTON, Sept. 22, 1863.

Almost the first paragraph which I read on sitting down with the *Traveller* this evening, was one which has filled our hearts with sorrow, for it announced that your brave and noble boy had fallen. Little more than a week ago, we received the paper telling us of his promotion. Last Sunday we were talking of his age, and we have had forebodings of this sorrow. When Mrs. H. received your paper, before she had broken the wrapper she remarked, "here is some sad news from Longmeadow;" but that was only a suggestion, and we were proud of the success of our young kinsman. While we feel that he has died nobly, and in a righteous cause, we most deeply sympathize in your loss, and keenly feel this sad blow upon your domestic circle. This is the first and only case mentioned in the news thus far, and we hope this may be premature. We shall look anxiously for further particulars, and as far as you can afford, will look for them from you. * *

S. B. H.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 14, 1863.

Your husband's letter to mine, lying on the table before me and as yet unanswered, gives me an excuse for follow-

ing the impulse to write you which I have so often felt this fall, and which I should oftener have acted upon but for the fear of troubling you. It is natural, you know, to desire some communication with those who have the greater share of our thoughts. * * * * * The vignette enclosed in Mr. Burnham's letter is certainly like the dear boy it represents, and precious as everything is that recalls him, but it does not do him justice. If you have a number of them, I wish you would send one to me to enclose to my brother George,* who is with the army in Louisiana. I think you would have been gratified as well as touched by a letter which I received from him a few weeks since in answer to one from me written soon after the battle of Chicamauga. He felt for Howard always that sort of admiring affection which was common to all his friends, and his letter was full of grief and regret, mingled with a soldier's enthusiasm, which almost amounts to envy at his gallant end. George expressed so strong a desire to have a likeness of him that, if you have one to spare, I know that nothing I could send him would be as acceptable. In one or two respects the two young men strongly resembled each other; in the purity and innocence of life for which any one would vouch who knew them, and in their eager and patriotic determination to do their duty in the service of their country. "How ill," my brother exclaims in his letter to me, "can we spare such young officers where so many are faithless; how little any one not in the army can appreciate the value of their example." And yet we must not feel as if such bright example is altogether lost. I was so forcibly struck with the aptness of some remarks in a communication to one of our papers some time since, on the death of a young New Yorker who fell at Gettys-

*An officer in General Banks' army.

burg, that I tore it out at the time, and copy a few of the closing sentences for you: "Was this short life of twenty-one years a failure? It seems to me a glorious success. When I think of him, so warm-hearted, so kind and courteous to the humblest persons, so unaffected, so upright, truthful and straightforward, so heartily patriotic, so modest and yet so manly, I think of the young man who was loved by the Lord of life. I think of his example as a treasure to others, to the country. Especially to the young men who knew him I commend this beautiful example, now purified by removal from this jealous world, crystalized and embalmed in a glorious, heroic death on the field of honor, in the holiest cause for which man ever drew the sword." * * * * * We are so much obliged to you and your husband for reserving something for my Howie which belonged to his hero. We talk of him often, and I tell my boy again and again that he cannot do better than to take yours as his model. I almost feel that in the same noble cause, and with the same precious remembrances, I could part with him as easily. Rather that, a thousand times, than the living grief which some poor parents have to bear from undutiful sons. * * * * * Affectionately,

M. L. M.

Middletown, Sept. 23, 1863.

I was so shocked and grieved to hear yesterday of the sudden death of poor Howard, and hope I am not intruding upon your grief in thus early showing the deep sorrow we all feel for you; but if in the hour of joy and gladness I have given you the joy of my heart, I feel that now in the hour of your deep distress I must give you my love and most heartfelt sympathy. I feel so sorry for you, my dear friend, for I know by sad experience how hard it is to part with one on whom all our love and hopes are centered.

An only son and brother! * * * * * I loved Howard very much, for he was a noble boy, and one could not be with him long without loving him. I cannot realize that he, who one short year ago called here looking so well and happy, with such bright prospects before him, has been taken from us. We are all bowed down with grief for you, my dear friends, for we know how heavily the blow has fallen. * * * * * That God will comfort and sustain you in this great affliction is my fervent prayer.

F. A. R.

Middletown, Oct. 1, 1863.

My Dear Aunt:—It was with feelings of profound sorrow that I learned of the death of Howard, upon my arrival in town, and it threw a gloom over me which marred the enjoyment I otherwise should have experienced upon the occasion of a public reception to the returned regiment I command. I thought how different our lot: both have been in our first engagement, and one killed. I dare say, both were alike careless of the deadly missiles, and only eager to distinguish ourselves and do our duty. Many a brave and noble fellow I have seen laid low on the battle-field. The last time I saw Howard was at the funeral of my beloved father, one year ago. * * * * * My heartfelt sympathies are with you in this bereavement,—the loss of an only son and brother.

Your affectionate nephew,

S. M. Mansfield.

———, October 5, 1863.

It was with deep pain, that we heard of Howard's untimely end. It seems impossible to realize that that brave, strong spirit, with its matchless frame, should have passed from our sight and hearing on earth forever. Howard has

always been to me the personification of vital life and energy, and I cannot realize that all that which I have so often looked upon and admired can be gone. It seems to me as it did when our darling left us, utterly impossible. How alike seems their short, earthly career! Both young, beautiful, and pure-hearted, with the fairest prospects opening before their sight, and both taken suddenly, without warning, into the veiled hereafter. "Happy the young, who die early," but hard and agonizing the lot of those left behind. *Real* pain and agony of heart never come to us until the ones around whom our very heart-strings are entwined are taken, and our own hearts are turned to ashes within us. I cannot express my sympathy for Mr. and Mrs. Burnham under this affliction. * * * * * May the pitying Savior, who wept for his earthly friends, sustain and comfort these sufferers in their trial. All earthly comfort must prove unavailing, and only with our prayers can we aid our friends. * * * * * But Howard has had a *noble* end. He dies a hero, and will be embalmed in the hearts and memories of all who knew him. For what nobler end can a man die than for his country and liberty? We are proud that in such a cause our cousin died; yet these things at the first blow, afford little consolation. What can compensate for the lost presence, the empty chair and room? Neither honor nor glory, and hardly Heaven itself. * * * * * Howard has always been my favorite cousin; his noble, brave nature has always excited my admiration, and I cannot but grieve for the lost friend, and patriot soldier. * * * * * C. M.

New York, Oct. 12, 1863.

You will not, my dear friends, doubt my love and sympathy for you, in this your terrible affliction, because I have not expressed it sooner. At first your grief seemed

too sacred to be intruded upon, but you are so constantly in my thoughts, I cannot refrain another day without assuring you of my deepest sorrow. When such a stunning blow as this falls upon a household, no wonder that we are tempted to doubt the wisdom and goodness of Him who has dealt it; but when grief has spent itself, and the first agony is over, you will, I know, turn to Him who has smitten, and who will, in His own good time, heal the wound He has made. Even in this your darkest hour, how much cause you have for gratitude that you had such a noble son to offer to your country and your God. I never heard him named but in praise, and you have such pleasant memories to look back upon, of his pure and spotless life, and glorious death. When I look back to that short but charming visit, and see that sweet and peaceful home of yours, my heart sickens at the sight of that dark cloud which overshadows it now; but, I pray you, do not despair; wait in patience, and your Heavenly Father will in His own good time, lift the veil, and disclose to you the Son of Righteousness more glorious than before. And my dear friend Ellie, my heart aches for her; such a crushing blow to her young, loving heart! Her first sorrow is indeed a bitter one. Oh! how I trembled for her when I saw what an idol her brother was. She too, I trust will turn to the only source of comfort, and find a friend even closer than a brother. And your dear mother, her grief can be scarcely less than your own,—please give her my love and sympathy. Oh! my dear friends, how I wish I could say something to comfort you, but I find it in vain. You both know where to flee, and I trust it will not be in vain. And now, as I have always rejoiced with you in your joys, so let me now weep and pray with you in your sorrow. And may God bless and keep you.

M. P. H.

Brooklyn, Sept. 30, 1863.

Dear Ellie:—In such a sorrow as yours, I am not sure that you will care to hear from one, you really know as little as you know me. But for a week past, all my thoughts have been in your home, with your mother and you in your loneliness, or with your father and Arthur on their sad journey, or with your dear brave Howard as I continually picture him upon the battle-field, or in those last few moments, which, thank God were granted him. * * * * * I know there is little I can say in such a bitter sorrow, and disappointment of bright hopes as this, unless it is a comfort to know how dearly others loved Howard, and how he will always live in their remembrance as the bright and truthful boy, the sincere and warm-hearted friend, and the brave and noble soldier, who stood ready at the first call of his country, and served it faithfully till he died.

All those two years that he was so eager for active service he was faithful to duty; and in those few months in the field, he was still faithful, as his promotion testifies; and brave at the last, as his death to surely proves. It is a great thing to have had so noble a brother, and to have given such a life for one's country; though the nobler he was, and the better you all loved him, the harder it must be to part with him. I had not thought such a sorrow could come to you, and it is hard sometimes to see *why* such bright hopes must be blasted. But there is an Infinite tenderness in the Hand that sent the blow, and an Infinite compassion and pity in the Heart that never sends sorrow to those He loves without grace to bear it. You know what a loving Savior, that wept with the sisters over the brother they had lost; and though He will not now bring back the one you love, from the grave, He will Himself, be your "elder brother," and love you with more than a brother's love, if you will trust Him wholly.

May Jesus bless you with so much of His own peculiar love and submission in sorrow that you shall have strength to bear your own bereavement as nobly as Howard would have you to. * * * * I should love sometime to hear all that you can learn of Howard's last days, and of those last two hours of his life. * * * * * C. C.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 24, 1863.

This has been the saddest day I have known in a long time—the saddest since the war broke out to me. Ever since the terrible news reached me that Howard was dead, it has seemed as if some sudden sorrow had overtaken me. I cannot believe it, it seems so terrible, and yet I know it must be true.

You know how truly attached I have always been to him, and how, since he left his home so nobly, I have always followed him with the deepest interest: so you will understand why I feel his death so deeply. But oh! my very heart bleeds for his poor mother, and for his father and Ellie. Who but Jesus can comfort them now? Their hope and pride, their only son and brother is taken from them. There is nothing friends can do but to tell them how dearly they loved Howard, how noble they thought him, and how deeply they sympathize in their loss. God grant a new age of prosperity and happiness in store for our country for every such desolate home, and for every such manly life stricken down!

Dear M., how much you will miss Howard! how dreary his home will seem! I did not think he *could* die. I thought there was a work for him to do in this world yet, and it seems very hard that he should fall in his first battle. How impatient he used to be for active service, and how eager to try his courage! I have no doubt that it was his

bravery which led to his death, and I shall expect to hear that he was leading some charge or standing manfully by his guns.

I remember with peculiar pleasure now all his visits to me here. * * * Whenever I went to the parlor and found it was Howard who wished to see me, I always welcomed him warmly. I always noticed a change, too. He seemed to grow more and more manly, and I think changed very much after he entered the army. Surely such a life as his is not wasted because given to his country. My country will be *dearer* to me because he has been one to die for it. I wish I could know whether it was on Sunday or Saturday that Howard fell. I went to church last Sunday morning, and was a little disappointed at first to find a stranger in the pulpit with Dr. S. But it proved to be Rev. Mr. A., who has been in nearly every battle of the Potomac army, and has seen a great many soldiers die. His tribute to them was beautiful and full of comfort. He spoke of early influences being so powerful with a soldier, when he was far away from them in the army. And how in hundreds of instances he had seen the results of home influences or of Sunday School teaching, in the noble life and death of a soldier. He spoke too of the "wonderful grace which in multitudes of instances he had seen imparted to the dying." "Mother," said he, "your son may not have been a professing Christian, and his last letter home may have given no token of his preparation for death, but if he has been religiously instructed, there comes back to him in that last hour the memory of those teachings, and I have seen such a wonderful quickening of all the powers, such a peculiar grace granted to him that I could not doubt he was led to his Savior, and mother, I hope you will yet meet him in heaven." These were his very words, for they made a deep impression upon me, from the very

earnestness of his manner, and because they brought Howard very vividly to mind. Indeed, there has not been a day in a long time when he has been so much in my thoughts as on Sunday, and at night, when I heard there had been fighting in Rosecrans' army, I felt a presentiment about Howard that made me very anxious to hear from him. I watched the papers but learned nothing, till this morning the sad news came. * * * * * It is hard for me to tell you by letter how my *very heart* goes out to you all in sympathy and in pity, and how earnestly I shall make it my prayer that God will send with this sorrow His tenderest compassion. * * * * * C.

CLEVELAND, Oct. 7, 1863.

Since the war commenced, no death has so sadly impressed me, as did Howard's. I could not believe, that the gay, high-spirited young man, who spent the evening and took tea with us last winter was gone. We had so much amusement that afternoon,—C., Howard, and I. Never has any one taken mother's heart in so short a time as did Howard, and after he had finally bidden us good-bye, and we had given him hearty good wishes, we all said, how much we liked him, and what a noble, manly fellow he was.

At Gettysburg fell C. S., a young officer just Howard's age. He knew him quite well, and like Howard, S. was on recruiting service, but begged to go into active duty. It is best for them, but God pity the mothers. How is Mrs. Burnham? It is to be hoped she can take some comfort in thinking how gloriously Howard died,—right at his post, preferring rather to die, than desert his guns. If I had to lose my brother, I would choose such a death, rather than any other. * * * * * C F. W.

Middletown, Sept. 28, 1863.

How can I express in words, the deep sympathy we all feel for you in this hour of bitter trial. We trembled when news came of that fearful battle, and feared, yet hoped Howard's precious life might be spared. But he has fallen, and left a very large circle of friends to mourn his early death. God grant that you may in this truly awful affliction receive that support and comfort, which the blessed Savior alone can give. To Him only can you go, with your bursting, aching hearts, and find that He is better than son or daughter. * * * * * From every quarter, I hear of Howard's noble traits of character, and he was in every respect what his parents could desire. Such young men are rare. * * * * *

God watch over and protect your husband on his mournful errand. A. C. R.

Middletown, Sept. 24, 1863.

I heard the terrible news while spending the afternoon with Mrs. M. I cannot express the sorrow I feel for you all. Poor Mr. and Mrs. Burnham! My heart aches for them. Ellie, too, for it is a bitter trial to lose an only brother. I had thought much of Howard since the news of the battle, and hoped he was spared, but it has been ordered otherwise. Loving hearts cannot understand why he escaped not the deadly missile. The cup is a bitter one, and nothing but the thought that not a trial befalls us without our Heavenly Father's notice, can alone console. * * * * * The 24th returned this morning. * * * * * My thoughts have been upon Howard. I could not drive away the tears as the procession passed the house which escorted them from the boat. A.

MIDDLETOWN, Oct. 1, 1863.

I wished to write you before, but feared to intrude upon your grief. Although no words can console, I must express my deepest sympathy in this your hour of sorrow. I have thought much of Howard since this last battle, and hoped that his name was still among the living. It was only a few hours before the sad news that I was telling my father what a fine young man he was. But alas! the brave and noble has fallen, and well may you rejoice in the sweet memories that cluster around him whose young life has gone out so soon. My dear father's prayers ascended for you in his daily devotion, and may the consolations of God, for which he prayed, be strong with you. Poor Ellie! how my heart aches for her, well knowing the anguish of losing an only brother, a wound which refuses to be healed, but breaks forth afresh in hours of seeming forgetfulness, telling of hopes blasted, and marring our happiest moments. * * * * * * Be assured there are hearts here that feel for you all in your sore bereavement. * * * * * *

A. R.

[From Mrs. Dr. Nott of Union College.]

SCHENECTADY, Oct. 31, 1863.

MY DEAR MRS. BURNHAM:—A visit from your sister, Mrs. W., last evening, has so revived my sympathy with you and your husband in this hour of great affliction, that you will pardon this intrusion upon the sacredness of your grief. And yet what can I say to you? What, but to point you to the God of all grace, who can not only show you that *He* has done this great thing, but that He has done it in great mercy. *Why*, you cannot now know, but you will doubtless when you go to Him in that better world, where

there will be no sickness, no death, no wars or rumors of wars.

My dear friend, have you ever asked yourself *why* this blight has fallen upon your once happy household? It is because your Heavenly Father loves you. It is for your sake that He has done this, and when He has purified you as gold in the furnace, you will be able to say, "It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good." "Though He slay me, I will trust Him." "Shall I receive good at the hand of God, and shall I not receive evil?" "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Be thankful, my dear friend, that you have had such a son to offer up to God, and your poor bleeding country. Be thankful that you have a precious child left to you, and a devoted husband, whose own heart is wrung with grief. Be thankful that you are not, like many a poor desolate mother, struggling alone with poverty and her grief, and oh, be thankful that there is an ear ever open to your sorrowful tale, that there is an eye ever looking down upon you with the tenderest compassion, and for the sake of those who are still left to you, rouse yourself from this despondency, and go to Him who is able and willing, and you will find peace to your troubled soul.

I have taken the liberty, which I hope you will pardon, to ask my friend Judge Bacon of Utica, to send you a father's memorial of his only son, Adjutant Bacon, who fell in battle last year, at the same age of your son. Your husband will be glad to read it. If Dr. Nott were able, he would write you words of comfort. As it is, he bids me tell you to "put your trust in God. He alone can help you now. *Friends* die, but *God* never."

Remember me kindly to your husband and daughter, and believe me yours with the deepest sympathy.

N. E. Nott.

[From Judge Bacon, of Utica.]

Utica, N. Y., Nov. 2, 1863.

R. H. Burnham, Esq.,—Dear Sir:—I am a stranger to you personally, but a note just received from my kind friend Mrs. President Nott, of Schenectady, apprises me that we are sharers together in one of the great calamities of this calamitous war, brought about by the mad counsels of wicked, man-oppressing, and God-despising rebels. You have lost an only son, but just twenty-one, of bright promise, pure mind, and noble courage. I have passed through the same ordeal. My only boy, who had not attained his majority, who was most dear to a large circle of kindred, who was of a noble spirit, and a pure heart, fell on the fatal field of Fredericksburg. The blow was sudden and crushing, but God gave strength to father, mother, and sister to sustain it; and, though with struggles such as "poor flesh and blood" are not adequate to overcome, we have been able to say, "It is all well." It requires faith to compass this, but by the help of the dear, sympathizing Master, it can be done. I trust you, and the mother of the boy, may be able ere long,—and if earnestly sought I know you will,—to find the same blessed and healing power.

In order to assuage my grief, and as due to the memory of my son, and as an incentive to like sacrifices when God calls for them, I employed myself last winter in preparing a simple memorial of my martyred hero. It is very unpretending, for his story was short and simple, but it was kindly received by my friends, for whom it was intended. I send by this mail, a copy of this little book to you. Will you please receive it, with my kindest sympathies and prayers, and believe me,

Yours in the fellowship of suffering and of hope,

William J. Bacon.

Worcester, Oct. 3, 1863.

It is hard for a mother to realize that her children are not her own, but only blessings lent, for the use and disposition of which she is accountable; that they are God's children, sent here to do His work. The idea so well exemplified in the life of our Savior, when he said, "Who is my mother, and who are my brethren?" may have presented itself to your mind before this, and proved to you the fact. But as I said, it is hard. It seems to me Howard has been acting on this very principle ever since he has been old enough to act on his own responsibility. Full of high purposes and aims, with a singular determination to do the right thing regardless of minor considerations, he has shown to the world, even in his short career, that he was worthy of the highest commendation, an honor and an ornament wherever he may be, and is it not sufficient for any mother to have borne *such* a son? God so deemed it, no doubt. * * * * M. B.

Middletown, Oct. 7, 1863.

When we first heard of the grief which had fallen upon you, I did not write, for I know in these moments of desolation the heart seeks to be alone with God. Since then I have been ill, and take the first moment of sitting up to write to you. But what can I say? Words of an earthly friend can do little to comfort you in your bereavement. You know you have our cordial sympathy. Mr. H. feels for Mr. Burnham in his desolation, mourning for his only son, and my heart aches for the mother's anguish. May God, who has wounded, heal. May He who has for some wise purpose taken your idol, give you the comfort of His presence. * * * * * My long affection for you and your family will prove how much I sorrow with you. * * * * * R. McD. H.

New York, Sept. 25, 1863.

It was only this morning that I heard of your great affliction. Truly the hand of God is laid heavily upon you, and no words of mine can bring comfort or consolation, but I felt that I must at least write a few lines to assure you of my deepest sympathy in this hour of trial. I have thought a great deal of you during the past week, but hoped to hear different tidings from those which reached me to-day. * * * * * A mother's sympathy goes out to you from my inmost heart. * * * * * Many things come to my mind to say, but I will not intrude myself upon your sorrow. * * * * * That God may sustain and comfort you, is the prayer of

Your sincere friend, L.

Stillwater, N. Y., Oct. 4, 1863.

I have been constantly with you in imagination ever since I heard of your heart-rending affliction in the loss of your only, dearly-loved and idolized boy. May God help you, his poor father and dear sister. I cannot realize that I shall never see his pleasant face or hear his cheerful voice again, and have been in hopes since I heard the sad news that there might have been a mistake, as in my dear brother's case. * * * * * I saw by the New York Herald of 29th September that Howard had nobly sustained his part. Death has indeed found a shining mark in his case, and has taken one of our most beautiful and best beloved. Can you, and will you send me a likeness? I shall prize it inexpressibly. I always loved Howard and E. very much, and felt you had great reason to rejoice in them. * * * * * Accept my most affectionate sympathy.

C. M. W.

Madison, N. J., Nov. 15, 1863.

I have felt as if I could not bear to approach you, even on paper, during the first moments of that crushing grief that has come upon you, but now I feel as if I must tell you how constantly you have been in my thoughts the past few weeks, and how deeply I have sympathized with you in your great bereavement. None but a mother can tell how deeply the love of a darling child is entwined round every fibre of one's heart, until they seem to become almost a part of their very existence, and can hardly be separated. * * * * * While the ways of Providence in removing a young man just entering life, and so full of promise as was Howard, must ever seem inscrutable, still what happiness to turn to Him, and feel that though His ways are not as our ways, all is for the best. And only through a perfect child-like trust and confidence in His wisdom, can we find balm for grief such as yours. * *

I long to hear something from you. I heard of the sad journey your husband had undertaken, and trust you may have had the comfort of placing the dear remains of your precious son, in their quiet resting-place. * * * *

Mr. B. joins me in the kindest regards and sympathy to yourself and Mr. Burnham.

As ever your attached friend, A. D. B.

Longmeadow Parsonage, Sept. 28, 1863.

My Dear Ellie: — Perhaps I can express the thoughts and sympathies of my heart for you, better in this way, than by conversation. I feel for you, and for your suffering father and mother, very deeply. But there is One who feels for you, more than I, or any other earthly friend. * * * * * It is my best wish and prayer for you, that you may know the value of the Savior's love.

He has removed your dear brother from your side, but not in anger. "Whom He loveth He chasteneth." * * * No severer trial could have come, and I know it is very hard to bear. But our Savior bore the trial of the cross for us, and we must also bear the cross. * * * Now that your heart is bowed down in grief, may it also be bowed down in humility and contrition, and in the hearty purpose of obedience, and a life-long consecration to His service, "who alone can keep our eyes from tears, our feet from falling, and our souls from death." * * * We all loved and respected Howard for he deserved it. Thank your Heavenly Father for all the sweet memories of his life, and remember that he yielded it in noble sacrifice for his country's sake. And above all, remember that the most earnest desire of his departed spirit for you, must be, that you may be prepared for a better world. And my dear Ellie, be thankful that you can be the best earthly solace and comfort to your father and mother. May you walk together hand in hand, through what remains of this journey of earth, as "heirs of the grace of eternal life." This is the heart's desire and prayer of your affectionate pastor, J. W. H.

Tuesday, Sept. 22, 1863.

Your grief is such, I cannot find it in my heart to intrude myself in person at present. But I long to extend my sympathy, and beg you will excuse the liberty I take in choosing this way.

I am sure no words of mine, can in any degree alleviate your anguish. I can only offer my prayer that the blessed Master who is ever touched with sympathy, will so direct your heart to lean upon Him, and find support in this dreadful hour, that you may feel at *rest* in the thought that "He doeth all things well."

There is much I would love to say of your noble son, but this is not the time. God knows how you *loved* him. May He grant you abundant consolation.

In truest sympathy, N. E. C.

———, Oct. 22, 1863.

* * * * * It is hard to part from those dear to us as our own lives, and when the blow comes it seems impossible to say "Thy will be done." But when should we ever look beyond to our glorious home, if the heart's best treasures were spared? Are they not taken to give us a clearer, heavenly vision, to reveal the blessed Comforter which Christ promised to you and to me, for just such sad and lonely hours as these, that He may come and abide with our souls, to soften the human pain and anguish, and to unite us more closely to our Savior? * * And you have so much yet to live for, dear friend, as wife and mother, to guide dear Ellie to the heavenly land. A blessed work is yours still. I pray for you that you may be comforted and strengthened to bear patiently this heavy blow, and to understand in a fuller, sweeter sense than ever before, the great tenderness and love of your Redeemer for you. Do let him comfort you, for He does know how, and *will* make you yet to know as He has so many other mourners, the exceeding sweetness of a sanctified sorrow. L. A. S.

Cleveland, Sept. 29, 1863.

We were very much shocked to hear of your terrible affliction. You have not been out of our thoughts since. All the circumstances I know are very aggravating to you, and then to part with your husband at this time on so long and sad a journey. May the good God grant that he may

return to you in safety, with your darling Howard. We were very much attached to him, his amiable manners and earnest desire to do his duty, his very attractive person and gentlemanly, obliging bearing to all.

But to you, who knew so many more endearing traits than we could be conscious of, how hard to endure. We can only know by imagining ourselves in the same situation. But I trust that our Heavenly Father will give you an unspeakable consolation in His love. May your dear daughter be all you could desire, and soothe you in this great trouble. * * * *

Our very best love and earnest sympathy and prayers for your consolation. Very affectionately,

E. L. M.

———, October 19, 1863.

* * * * *

Although I feel that anything which my pen or tongue might offer will poorly minister consolation, I am sure you will count me, in this hour of trial, among your sincerely sympathizing friends. The stern, sad fact of your son's death and burial far away, no words of condolence, or proffer of sympathy, can set aside; and you may well say at such a time, "the heart knoweth its own bitterness." No wonder that you and yours have mourned so bitterly; it is no more than a just tribute and testimony to the hold Howard had upon your hearts. Patriotism nor religion require the heart to crucify its parental instincts, and mourn not the loved and lost. You had a *right* to feel proud of your only son, and rejoice with him in the success he had already achieved. And now that a merciless rebel bullet has laid him low, just at the threshold of his chosen profession, and of active, manly life, you have a *right* to such grief as few parents have undergone in this terrible

war. But the first gush is over, and you have recovered from that stunning blow which the fatal telegram inflicted; for weeks have passed since then. You may never know, this side of eternity, just why you have been so bitterly bereaved; but are you not beginning already to discern what you could not awhile ago through the blinding tears? I remember that you are a professed disciple of the Crucified One; surely you never had a better opportunity to test His precious invitations and sweet consolations. Human sympathy and condolence may all prove inadequate, but "Earth hath no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure." * *

You recollect how the Savior said, "My peace I give unto you," on the very evening of his agony; and that parting gift comes to you and me associated with Gethsemane and Calvary. Oh! is it not a comfort to know and trust such a Redeemer! It was hard even for Him to bear the cross, and He could pray, "Oh! my Father, let this cup *pass* from me, if it be possible"; but he must needs drink it, and so it seems must you. You are tasting now the bitter, but may God yet permit you to realize its sweetness, and to say in grateful resignation, "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." Sincerely your friend, W. E. B.

SCHENECTADY, Feb. 8, 1864.

I have shed many tears this morning on reading J.'s letter, and hearing about you, and the last sad duties paid to dear Howard. How glad I am that he is now laid in your own church-yard, and you know that his dust reposes so near to you. We must all follow the darling ones that are gone. My heart bleeds for you all, and in my own great grief I do not forget you. I find myself so often saying, "What a comfort Howard would have been to *me* had his dear life been spared." * * * E.

———, Nov. 23, 1863.

It is a very long time since we have passed Thanksgiving day together. * * * * * What a sad week this must be to Howard's friends. *Dear Howard*, who was so bright with hope one year ago! I know they will almost wish there was no such day as Thanksgiving to recall family gatherings that can never be enjoyed again upon earth, and to make them feel more desolate. I read with a kind of sad interest all that is written of Chattanooga now, always thinking of the quiet grave there where Howard sleeps, and always with tears. I was reading in the paper this evening of the dismal, rainy weather there for many days; until now there was the peculiar hazy atmosphere of our Indian summer, with its mild, beautiful days and the peace which seems to rest upon everything, and so there came almost a pleasant picture to my mind, of our brave soldier sleeping there beneath the oak trees, even amid the tumult that surrounds the place. I shall be glad when he can be *brought home*, though it will be a sad day; but it seems to me peculiarly fit that he should rest there awhile, near the spot where he fell; and every such grave as that anchors me to my country with a love which I never knew before. Does Mrs. Burnham feel at all comforted yet? I am sure the time *will* come, though everything may be very dark now. Somehow in thinking of her I am always reminded of these words, "Until the day dawn and the shadows flee away;" and I hope there is coming a brighter day to her and to all who have given such precious lives to our country. May the peace and the liberty which shall be so dearly purchased be enduring enough and glorious enough to compensate for such sacrifices. * * * I do believe that Howard's death, which seemed almost at first to stagger my faith, has in the end only deepened my patriotism and made me more earnest. C.

CONCORD, Oct. 17, 1863.

MRS. BURNHAM,—Dear Madam: — I grieve the loss of my friend for whom my affection was greater than I ever expressed to you, or perhaps to him.

I wish you should know my share in your great loss. All who knew Howard loved him, and will long remember his manly and kind character,—so simple and upright.

He was one of those for whom it was impossible not to feel affection. His old schoolmates speak of him with the kindliest remembrance, and mourn his loss. Yet, a death like his seems far better than the longest life.

My mother wishes me to say that she also grieves with you and for you, yet feels no less that Howard has been highly privileged in being permitted to give his life for his country.

With sympathy for your great sorrow, yours very truly,

E. W. E.

[From Rev. Samuel Wolcott, former pastor of the First Church in Longmeadow.]

CLEVELAND, Nov. 3, 1863.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: — The tidings of your heavy affliction reached me at a time when the pressure of a special service, leaving me less time for study and pastoral labor than was demanded by the claims of my flock, prevented me from sending you the prompt assurance of my heartfelt sympathy. But not a day has passed I believe, in which I have not thought of you, and could I now send you a comforting word, I know that it would be timely, for it will be long before the messages of your friends will cease to encounter an *ever fresh* sense of bereavement.

The interval which separated the sunny child of two summers, from the youthful and stalwart officer, and the distance which separates our present home from the scene

of my first ministry, seem to vanish together. Again I enter your former pleasant dwelling, as a neighbor, friend and pastor, and from a present full of earthly enjoyment, look forward with you to a future bright with hope and promise, even as in the morning we look in the direction in which the sun's rays are falling, and every object is beautiful with its light. Twenty years pass away, and we are looking not forward, but backward, and in place of joyful hopes there are saddened memories, even as the evening twilight shows us only the *shaded* side of objects which were glowing in the dawn. But with all this change of aspect, there has been no change in the feelings, purposes and plans of the Good Being, who orders our steps, and appoints our lives. He is with us in the evening shades, as truly as amid the cheerful glories of the morning. He is more sensibly near us in our pensive and solitary hours, then when we are encompassed with the gay and lively. Never is He more tenderly near us, than when he presses to our lips the cup of sorrow, which His own wisdom, severe but kind, infinitely kind, hath mingled for us. Honor Him with a perfect *trust* and you will find how blessed a thing it is to lie in His hands, and be sweetly subject in all things to His righteous disposal. Any refusal to be reconciled or comforted, would be an impeachment of his supreme goodness; and knowing as I do the strength of your natural feelings, and how crushing is the blow which has fallen upon you, I do earnestly pray that you may not be found wanting in this day of your visitation, and that you may be enabled in the bitterness of your disappointment, to cherish a spirit of complete, cordial, cheerful acquiescence in the gracious will of your Heavenly Father. Let Him fulfill in you—be desirous that He should—His most Holy pleasure.

In the touching "Sergeant's Memorial" prepared by my

friend, Dr. Thompson, you will find with others an extract from a private letter which I sent him, containing a thought which I would repeat here, if it were not published there. I pray you, in reading that page, to accept it as addressed to yourselves. We had noticed your son's rapid advancement, and within a week had remarked to each other that he was in just the post for which he was fitted and destined. The loss to our country of her sons like him, at such a juncture, is another mystery which the Lord will solve in His own good time.

Among the inscriptions in your quiet church-yard which linger in my memory, is that of a Lieutenant, (of your own lineage, or related to it,) who fell in the service of his country more than a century since; and his honored grave, has from that day to this rehearsed to the living, its lesson of patriotic devotion. From the tomb which receives the mortal form of your beloved and lamented *Howard*, will come forth a voice of deeper pathos, and wider power, and the brave and noble youth has neither lived or died in vain. Mrs. W. joins me in affectionate condolence. * * * * * As ever,

Yours most truly, SAM'L WOLCOTT.

OCT 30 1935